THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 765.

THE CONGRESS.—FRANCE, SPAIN, AND ENGLAND.

THE Legitimate Conclave at Verona has concluded its paternal deliberations on the state of Europe; and its decision in regard to the most important of all present political questions appears to be just what might be expected from a set of frightened tyrants, trembling at an example of freedom, and yet trembling almost as much at the issue of any violent attempt upon the liberties of a brave people. The *Moniteur* of Sunday last, in announcing the return to Paris of M. DE MONTMORENCY the French Ambassador, sums up the result of the Allied conferences in the official assurance, that "France has occupied at the Congress of Verona the place which belongs to her among the monarchies of Europe; and that the Continental Powers leave to her the end and termination of the affairs of Spain, *with the intention of concurring with all their force in such plans of execution as France shall be in a situation to adopt.*" The latter clause of this sentence is generally understood to mean, that while the French armies are employed in Spain, the people of France will be kept down (if needful) by another foreign Army of Occupation, composed of the Austrian or Prussian mercenaries of the Holy Alliance.—The London *Courier* of Monday gave, in a manner equally official, a more particular account of the negociations on the subject:—

"It will be found, we believe, that France has succeeded in carrying the claim which she urged from the commencement of the Sittings of the Congress, and even previously during the Preliminary Conferences at Vienna. This claim related to the right of an armed intervention on the part of France in the affairs of Spain. In this claim she has been supported by all the Continental Powers, but more particularly by *one* of those Powers And the result is asserted to have been, that a note has been drawn up, signed in alphabetical order, by Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, acknowledging the right claimed by France, leaving it to her to exercise it and make war upon Spain, if she deem it expedient."

And the same demi-official journal has since added—

"Whether the determination of the Continental Powers has preceded any representation made to Spain, or is the consequence of the rejection of such representation, we are not at present informed —but we rather incline to the latter opinion."

This, it will be observed, does not entirely decide the question of peace or war between the French Bourbons and Spain, but it certainly greatly increases the probabilities of war; for, as the *Courier* sagaciously observes, "it is not to be believed that France would have enforced a claim which she had no intention of exercising;" and we may add, that the Bourbons would hardly have incurred all the expense and odium of their Army of Observation at the Pyrenees, except with a strong desire and expectation of interference in the internal affairs of Spain. We confess we have hitherto rather inclined to think the Holy Allies, for their own sakes, would *not* have permitted the Ultras to hazard a crusade in the Peninsula; seeing that the danger, in case of its failure, is to *themselves* almost as great and direct as to the Bourbons. It cannot be doubted, that the mere undertaking of the war would cause an extraordinary ferment throughout Europe; and should either the Spaniards triumph, or the French soldiers turn on the oppressors of their country, the reaction upon despotism would be electrical through the centre and south of Europe. The Spaniards would never stand merely on the defensive against so iniquitous an attack, but would at once retort upon the weak side of their insolent enemies; and while the relentless despots were striving to force a hateful tyranny upon them, *they* would aid the subjects of their invaders to overturn in every quarter the strong holds of arbitrary power. The true policy of Spain is, directly the Bourbon troops cross the Pyrenees, to light up the flame of insurrection in the South of France. The war will be no war of nation against nation, but one of Kings against People, of Divine Right against Constitutional Government, of Despotism against Liberty. The Liberals of France, of Italy, of Germany, are equally warred against with the Spaniards; therefore all of them who can be enabled, should take part in the common cause. The Spanish Government, we are especially delighted to see, is perfectly sensible where its strength lies in such a contest, and no way backward either to face the danger, or to adopt the retaliation most disastrous to the Servile invaders. We have nowhere met with a more solid and powerful a piece of writing than the following extract from the *Universal*, a Madrid Paper, upon this part of the question:—"If Europe wish to ensure her own and our tranquillity, let her respect our rights as we respect hers: if it is wished that the Spanish Revolution should not overstep the boundaries which it has sworn to maintain, let not the Spanish people be irritated by scandalous acts of injustice; let not their national pride be wounded, by requiring that they should act a disgraceful part, unworthy of an independent nation. For two years, the Austrians have occupied the kingdom of Naples; they are there yet, and cannot venture to abandon their post. But what would be the consequence, were foreign troops to presume to invade Spain, in order to compel the Spaniards to accept a Government which they do not approve? It would be necessary to station a centinel at every door, and even that would be insufficient. Those very individuals who are now destroying their country to open a road for foreign troops, would then be the greatest enemies of the invaders; and the Peninsula, which is now the cause of so much anxiety to the great potentates of Europe, would be for years and years the terror of foreign despots, and would ultimately effect their annihilation. M. DE PRADT has said, and we agree with him, *If war be declared against Spain, we shall hear the first cannon, but the child yet unborn will not hear the last.*"—Another Spanish journal, the *Expectador*, is remarkably pithy and triumphant in relation to the military *pointe* which some Paris journalists gravely recommended to be made on *Madrid*:—"These folks, says a celebrated man, speaking of the Ultras, have learned nothing, and have forgotten nothing. It seems they do not yet sufficiently understand how

little dread the people of Spain have for such *pointes*. If, however, they wish to know it, let them ascend the Pyrenees, and take a view of Spain. The unburied bones of 500,000 Frenchmen will answer the question."

If we were previously disposed to think, however, that the cogitations at Verona would lead to nothing more than the discharge of some "paper bullets" against Spain, it was not because "our wish was father to that thought." We have no misgivings about the constancy or valour of the Spanish People. While the Cortes and Ministry continue to act in the spirit exhibited in the passages we have quoted, it appears to us among the most wild and visionary speculations that ever an Ultra dreamed, to suppose that ten millions of high spirited and determined people, occupying a country strongly fortified both by nature and art, can be subdued by a foreign army, composed of soldiers, who (to say the least) are any thing but hearty in the war. We think, with the Spanish Journalist, of the bones of the 500,000 veterans of NAPOLEON who found their graves in the soil of an outraged country; and we laugh to scorn the idea, that the miserable BOURBONS of France, with their own sceptre trembling in their feeble hands, should be able to conquer a people who baffled the mighty warrior at the head of his devoted and disciplined legions. We were certainly prone to give the Legitimates credit for that sort of instinct belonging to conscious tyrants, which would make them shrink from any open contest, upon pretty equal terms, with valour and independence. But we are by no means disappointed to find that their blind rage and headlong folly exceed what even we had thought an ample allowance. We believe that the triumph of liberty in Spain and Portugal is only the forerunner of its triumph in the other oppressed countries of Europe; and we believe also, that the triumph is so complete and well secured in the Peninsula, and the disposition to imitate it so strong elsewhere, that no combination of kings or aristocracies, though it were directed by the cunning of a MACHIAVEL, and backed by the military genius of a BONAPARTE, can now hinder its progress. It is this conviction that has produced the comparative apathy of the Liberals in regard to the present Congress. Convinced as we are, that a war against Spain must end in a new Revolution for France and Italy (at least) we should be ready to hail it as a happy event for the good cause, a sort of despotic *felo de se*, did we not think with some pain of the suffering and annoyance that war must cause to the Spanish people, and were we not confident, that if Spain and Portugal were left unmolested, their example would,—somewhat later indeed, but no less certainly, —produce the identical result which Ultra fanaticism seems disposed to accelerate by violence.

What is England to be doing all this time? That is a question which becomes more interesting as the principles and objects of the Holy Alliance become more developed and avowed. Were we to take for a precedent the conduct of our Government during the Austrian attack on Naples and Piedmont, we should be obliged to conclude, that its policy would be simply what the *Courier* assures us of, that is, "a perfect neutrality." Monstrous and wicked as would be an invasion of Spain, it would be no more so than was the invasion of Italy by the Austrian Despot. The Neapolitans and Piedmontese had imitated the Spaniards in their "bloodless Revolutions," in their moderation towards their oppressors, in their choice of a Constitution. The Emperor of Austria had no more right to interfere with their internal reforms than he had to dictate to the Chinese or Persians a German code of laws. Even CASTLEREAGH' heartless and arbitrary as he was, felt himself compelled to make an official declaration against the "general principle" of foreign interference in the affairs of independent states. Will Mr. CANNING content himself with a similar piece of hypocrisy in the case of Spain? Will he make England a patient spectator, while the Holy Alliance assails the Spanish Constitution, and attempts the restoration of FERDINAND and the Inquisition? Will he set up this base pitiful pretence of "neutrality?" What *neutrality?* A neutrality between aggression and self-defence, between tyranny and freedom, between right and wrong! Will he sacrifice the honour and natural policy* of this country to a dishonourable hatred and fear of the example of popular government? Will he rivet the chains which would bind England to the Holy Alliance for better for worse, and proclaim, to the eternal shame of its Oligarchy, that it possesses, in common with the pure despotisms of the Continent, a permanent dread of the progress of Public Opinion, whether abroad or at home? We trust not: we hope that he will not descend to a servile imitation of his wretched predecessor. Yet we confess ourselves at a loss how to reconcile the report of Mr. CANNING's comparatively liberal policy with the language held by the Ministerial papers just now. We hold it to be a disgrace to the British Government, that a journal understood to be the official organ of its sentiments, should be allowed to justify an act of tyrannous aggression never exceeded in atrocity by anything in the world's history. The *Courier* makes no scruple to defend and even to instigate an invasion of Spain by the Bourbons. It talks away, night after night, quite in the style of the *Moniteur* and the *Austrian Observer*. "It is idle to say," it argues, "that Spain has not given the French Government a right to interfere, and *support the Royalists*, who demand a Constitution that shall be in fact, not in form, monarchical." And this pretended right is founded on two circumstances. 1. That the other day a Deputy proposed to the Cortes to demand from the French Government an explanation of its late proceedings in relation to the troubles in the northern provinces of Spain, and hinted, that the Bourbons might *repent* their underhand encouragement of rebels. 2. That the King is not treated with proper respect, because his palace is liable to domiciliary visits, though (it is admitted) the private apartments of the Royal Family are not to be entered. The first-mentioned pretext is merely laughable, especially as the proposal of the Spanish Deputy was *rejected* by the Cortes. If *such* are to be deemed grounds of national quarrel, we may expect that a spirited speech on foreign politics, from Lord HOLLAND or Sir FRANCIS BURDETT next session, will produce formal complaints from the Courts of Paris and Vienna! But this Ultra crusade is *to support the Royalists!* And the hireling explains his meaning on this head in another paper, where he says, that the Royalists are not

* The consideration of the true *policy* of England at this crisis acquires greater force from the circumstance that the Spanish Cortes shew every disposition to cultivate our friendship and to treat our commerce with peculiar liberality. The private letters of the 22nd ult. from Madrid state with much confidence, that during a secret sitting of the Cortes, held on the 16th, authority was given to the Government to enter into a commercial treaty with England, of the most favourable nature; conferring privileges not before granted to any other nation, and not to be shared with any other powers. It was also proposed to enter into a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive with this country.

strong enough to maintain themselves in Spain, and *therefore* the French army ought to go and help them. In other words, there is a faction falsely called Royalist, but in reality the upholders of Despotism and the Inquisition—which faction is so despicable in numbers and talent, that notwithstanding all the power derived from an intriguing court and a corrupt aristocracy, it can make no stand against the declared wishes of the nation at large. Therefore this *English* Editor contends—not that this minority should yield to the opinions and interests of the majority—but that a foreign army ought to come in with fire and slaughter, and perforce give to the Few an unlimited power over the Many! A danger to France too is pretended, arising from the "dangerous state of affairs in Spain," which state of affairs (says the *Courier*, with an engaging *naiveté*) "is of course *the Government of Spain as at present constituted.*" (The Italics are his own.) This can have but one meaning. To pretend that Spain is dangerous to France, speaking nationally, because the former has a government by a Cortes and responsible Ministers, would be mere absurdity. How can France be injured by it, politically, commercially, or morally? The fact is, that whenever a nation introduces reforms into its government, and substitutes the wisdom and moderation of a representative body for the caprice and ambition of a despot or an oligarchy, the neighbouring states are obviously benefited by the change. The French *Nation* can have no cause to fear the Spanish nation, because the latter have pared the claws of FERDINAND the Ungrateful and his Inquisitors. Where then is the "danger" to which the *Courier* alludes? We will tell him. It is the danger of *example:* it is the danger lest the people of France should derive an additional motive to reform their own government, from seeing the happy and prosperous effects of the bloodless Revolution of the Spaniards. That is the only "danger" in the case, and that is what the Serviles constantly mean, and sometimes betray, when they talk of the "infection of Jacobinical principles." It is true, they talk also of the miserable state into which they say the Constitution has plunged Spain, and of the "fatal and disastrous course of the Revolution;" but what say the Spanish people, by the voice of their fairly and freely chosen Representatives, the Cortes? And what does not all this talk about "danger" to neighbouring states say on the same topic? If the Spaniards were rendered only miserable and despicable by the Revolution, where would be the "danger of infection"—whence this alarm at a desire of imitating them on the part of the French?

The basest and most shameless, however, of all the pretexts urged for interference with Spain, is that respecting the treatment of the crawling FERDINAND and the Royal Family. This reptile, it appears, is suspected and watched by his subjects, who, after having been harassed for years by plots hatched in the Palace and among his favourites, are determined that the tranquillity of a great nation shall no longer be at the mercy of one faithless bigot. What has the creature to complain of? No one violent or illegal measure has been adopted towards him,—nay, the Patriots have forborne to call down just and legal retribution on his numberless crimes. He is *restrained*, forsooth! Yes, indeed, he *is* restrained—from playing the brutal and bloody pranks he was used to before 1820; he is restrained from sending the best and noblest Spaniards to the dungeons of the Inquisition. He is also probably suffering a further degree of moral coercion, in being compelled to sign decrees he detests, and to have Ministers he hates. But whence arises this compulsion? The Cortes have not taken the Executive into their own hands, nor passed laws against the Sovereign. They have treated him all along, not with cordiality certainly, but with a cold respect. The moral compulsion then, if such exist, is the result of *his own consciousness of guilt*, and his knowledge of the fact, that the Constitutionalists possess evidence which published would bring him to the scaffold. The ill-treatment therefore about which the canting hypocrites make such dole, amounts to this—that the Spaniards, instead of bringing FERDINAND to trial and punishment, keep the proofs of guilt suspended *in terrorem* over his head, as a security for good behaviour. They are merciful and averse from bloodshed, and will forgive the past, if he will conduct himself decently for the future. Is that forbearance a ground for BOURBON interference? The hireling plea is glaringly false; but if it were true, how could that affect the question of peace or war between France and Spain? Suppose the Cortes *had* thought proper to sit in judgment upon the Royal Delinquent—suppose they had sentenced him, and his life had paid the forfeit of his guilt,—what then? What shadow of concern has the French or any other nation upon earth in such a proceeding? Even were the Spaniards to condemn their Monarch *unjustly*, what gives the BOURBONS the right to sit in judgment upon *them*, or to interfere with *their* tribunals? With as much reason might the Ultras have threatened an invasion on account of the execution of the bloody persecutor ELIO the other day at Valencia, unless indeed the spilling of Royal blood be declared a species of sacrilege, and vengeance be undertaken in the name of offended Heaven! This however will hardly be maintained by the *Courier* in the face of English History, though indeed the very attempt to justify the designs of the French BOURBONS upon Spain, on pretence of the coercion of FERDINAND, is not a little remarkable in a journal attached to the BRUNSWICK line. Had England a fiftieth part of the cause to expel her Legitimate STUARTS that Spain has to behead her Legitimate BOURBON? How shameless, how indecent, how insulting then is it, that a British Court Journal under the dynasty of the House of HANOVER, should dare to impugn the right of every nation to settle its own form of government, and deal as it pleases with its chief Magistrate? The deposition and banishment of the arbitrary JAMES the Second are immortalized in history as the Glorious Revolution; and all the railing of all the hirelings cannot alter this truth—that either the Spaniards have an absolute right to act with their Monarch according to their opinion of his deserts, without the smallest accountability to a foreign nation, or that the Family now seated on the throne of this kingdom is usurping the place of its rightful possessor, and that his Majesty EMANUEL of Sardinia is, to all legitimate intents and purposes, King *jure divino* of Great Britain and Ireland.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Werner, a Tragedy. By Lord BYRON.

[Concluded from last week.]

The fourth and fifth acts may be more briefly detailed. The former opens at the castle of Siegendorf; and Lord Byron, already tired of the unities of time and place, exhibits Werner, now Werner no longer, as having been in possession of his honours a year; but still unhappy, from his remorse in regard to the gold, and the hard and mysterious character of his son,

who is frequently absent, he knows not where. Ulric too, although no way dissolute himself, appears to be the oracle and idol of all the young and boisterous nobles who are so. Count Siegendorf has, it seems, since his succession, adopted the daughter of the deceased Stralenheim, a young and lovely female, whom he designs for Ulric. The latter consents to the union, but treats all love-business as much as possible in the manner of Shakspeare's Hotspur. This business occupies the fourth act. The fifth act opens after the supposed attendance of the whole house of Siegendorf at the ceremony of proclaiming peace (after the thirty years war) at Prague. From this ceremony Siegendorf enters in great disorder: the fugitive Hungarian had seen him in the crowd, and had fearfully accosted him as Werner, which knowledge of his double identity was most appalling. He informs Ulric, and is expatiating on the necessity of finding him, when Gabor fearlessly enters. We give a part of what follows.

Gabor. 'Tis then Werner!
Siegendorf (haughtily). The same you knew, Sir, by that name; and *you!*
Gabor (looking round). I recognise you both, father and son,
It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours,
Have lately been in search of me: I am here.
Siegendorf. I have sought you, and have found you; you are charged
(Your own heart may inform you why) with such
A crime as—— [*He pauses.*
Gabor. Give it utterance, and then
I'll meet the consequences.
Siegendorf. You shall do so—
Unless——
Gabor. First, who accuses me?
Siegendorf. All things,
If not all men: the universal rumour—
My own presence on the spot—the place—the time—
And every speck of circumstance unite
To fix the blot on you.
Gabor. And on *me only?*
Pause ere you answer: Is no other name,
Save mine, stain'd in this business?
Siegendorf. Trifling villain!
Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all that breathe
Thou best dost know the innocence of him
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody slander.
But I will talk no further with a wretch,
Further than Justice asks. Answer at once,
And without quibbling, to my charge.
Gabor. 'Tis false!
Siegendorf. Who says so?
Gabor. I.
Siegendorf. And how disprove it?
Gabor. By
The presence of the murderer.
Siegendorf. Name him!
Gabor. He
May have more names than one. Your lordship had so
Once on a time.
Siegendorf. If you mean me, I dare
Your utmost.
Gabor. You may do so, and in safety.
I know the assassin.
Siegendorf. Where is he?
Gabor (pointing to Ulric). Beside you!
[*Ulric rushes forward to attack Gabor; Siegendorf interposes.*
Siegendorf. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.
[*He turns to Ulric.*
Ulric, repel this calumny, as I
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,
I could not deem it earth-born: but be calm;
It will refute itself. But touch him not.
[*Ulric endeavours to compose himself.*
Gabor. Look at *him*, Count, and then *hear me.*
Siegendorf (first to Gabor, and then looking at Ulric).
I hear thee.
My God! you look——
Ulric. How?
Siegendorf. As on that dread night
When we met in the garden.
Ulric (composes himself). It is nothing.
Gabor. Count, you are bound to hear me. I came hither
Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down
Amidst the People in the Church, I dream'd not
To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat
Of Senators and Princes; but you have call'd me,
And we have met.
Siegendorf. Go on, Sir.
Gabor. Ere I do so,
Allow me to inquire who profited
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as ever;
And poorer by Suspicion on my name.
The Baron lost in that last outrage neither
Jewels nor gold; his Life alone was sought,—
A life which stood between the claims of others
To honours and estates, scarce less than princely.
Siegendorf. These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less
To me than to my son.
Gabor. I can't help that.
But let the consequence alight on him
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
I know you innocent, and deem you just.
But ere I can proceed—*Dare* you protect me?—
Dare you command me?
[*Siegendorf first looks at the Hungarian, and then at Ulric, who has unbuckled his sabre and is drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its sheath.*
Ulric (looks at his father and says) Let the man go on!
Gabor. I am unarm'd, Count—bid your son lay down
His sabre.
Ulric (offers it to him contemptuously.) Take it.
Gabor. No, Sir, 'tis enough
That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose
To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more
Blood than came there in battle.
Ulric (casts the sabre from him in contempt.) It—or some
Such other weapon, in my hands—spared yours
Once when disarm'd and at my mercy.
Gabor. True—
I have not forgotten it: you spared me for
Your own especial purpose—to sustain
An ignominy not my own.

Gabor goes on relating the commencement of his acquaintance with Ulric, after which he proceeds to the circumstances attendant on his concealment in the secret passage:—

Gabor. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way—I saw a glimmer
Through distant crannies of a twinkling light.
I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
I look'd through, and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!—
Siegendorf. Asleep! And yet
You slew him—Wretch!
Gabor. He was already slain,
And bleeding like a Sacrifice. My own
Blood became ice.
Siegendorf. But he was all alone!
You saw none else? You did not see the——
[*He pauses from agitation.*
Gabor. No;
He, whom you dare not name—nor even I
Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in
The chamber.
Siegendorf (to Ulric). Then, my boy! thou art guiltless still—
Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once—Oh! now
Do thou as much!
Gabor. Be patient! I can *not*
Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember, or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were changed
Beneath *his* chief inspection—on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had enter'd,
He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar—I saw
A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more.
Siegendorf. Oh! God of Fathers!
Gabor. I beheld his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though

Resembling them—behold them in Count Ulric's!
Distinct—as I beheld them—though the expression
Is not now what it then was;—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime:—so lately.
Siegendorf. This is so.

During this recital, Ulric leans against a pillar without uttering a word; and Siegendorf asks Gabor, who loudly hints at terms for his secrecy, to retire to an adjoining tower for a few moments, while they deliberate. With some hesitation he consents, when Siegendorf advances to Ulric—

Siegendorf (advances to Ulric). Now, Count Ulric!
For son I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?
Ulric. His tale is true.
Siegendorf. True, monster!
Ulric. Most true, father;
And you did well to listen to it: what
We know, we can provide against. He must
Be silenced.
Siegendorf. Ay, with half of my domains;
And with the other half, could he and thou
Unsay this villany.
Ulric. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.
Siegendorf. How so?
Ulric. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before?
When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or had the prince's household been
Then summon'd, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could *you, Werner,*
The object of the Baron's hate and fears,
Have fled—unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you—
Doubting if you were false or feeble; I
Perceived you were the latter; and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.
Siegendorf. Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?
Ulric. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay, between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured
Could *I* be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling? you
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?
Siegendorf. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working now.

Ulric treats his father's scruples with great *sang froid*, and departs determined to destroy Gabor. We give the result in the concluding scene:—

The Interior of the Turret.
GABOR *and* SIEGENDORF.

Gabor. Who calls?
Siegendorf. I—Siegendorf! Take these, and fly!
Lose not a moment!
[*Tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and thrusts them into Gabor's hand.*
Gabor. What am I to do
With these?
Siegendorf. Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard,
And prosper; but delay not—or you are lost!
Gabor. You pledged your honour for my safety!
Siegendorf. And
Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,
It seems, of my own castle—of my own
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!
Or you will be slain by——
Gabor. Is it even so?
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, Count,
You sought this fatal interview!
Siegendorf. I did:
Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!
Gabor. By the same path I enter'd?
Siegendorf. Yes; that's safe still:
But loiter not in Prague;—you do not know
With whom you have to deal.
Gabor. I know too well—
And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!
Farewell! [*Exit Gabor.*
Siegendorf (solus and listening.) He hath cleared the staircase. Ah! I hear
The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!
Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am faint——
[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall of the Tower, in a drooping posture.*

Enter Ulric, with others armed, and with weapons drawn.

Ulric. Despatch!—he's there.
Ludwig. The Count, my Lord!
Ulric (recognising Siegendorf.) You here, Sir!
Siegendorf. Yes: if you want another victim, strike!
Ulric (seeing him stript of his jewels.) Where is the ruffian who hath plunder'd you?
Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see
'Twas as I said—the wretch hath stript my father
Of jewels which might form a prince's heirloom!
Away! I'll follow you forthwith.
[*Exeunt all but Siegendorf and Ulric.*
What's this?
Where is the villain?
Siegendorf. There are *two*, Sir; which
Are you in quest of?
Ulric. Let us hear no more
Of this: he must be found. You have not let him
Escape?
Siegendorf. He's gone.
Ulric. With your connivance?
Siegendorf. With
My fullest, freest aid.
Ulric. Then fare you well! [*Ulric is going.*
Siegendorf. Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh, Ulric!
Will you then leave me?
Ulric. What! remain to be
Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains; and all
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,
Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,
That sacrifices your whole race to save
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, Count,
Henceforth you have no son!
Siegendorf. I never had one;
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name!
Where will you go? I would not send you forth
Without protection.
Ulric. Leave that unto me.
I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir
Of your domains: a thousand, ay, ten thousand
Swords, hearts, and hands, are mine.
Siegendorf. The foresters!
With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort?
Ulric. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Go tell
Your senators that they look well to Prague;
Their feast of peace was early for the times;
There are more spirits abroad than have been laid
With Wallenstein!

Enter Josephine and Ida.

Josephine. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf!
Thank Heaven, I see you safe!
Siegendorf. Safe!
Ida. Yes, dear father!
Siegendorf. No, no; I have no children: never more
Call me by that worst name of parent.
Josephine. What
Means my good lord?
Siegendorf. That you have given birth
To a demon!
Ida (taking Ulric's hand.) Who shall dare say this of Ulric?
Siegendorf. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.
Ida (stooping to kiss it.) I'd kiss it off, though it were mine!
Siegendorf It is so!
Ulric. Away! it is your father's! [*Exit Ulric.*
Ida. Oh, great God!
And I have loved this man!
[*Ida falls senseless—Josephine stands speechless with horror.*
Siegendorf. The wretch hath slain

Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone!
Would we had ever been so!—All is over
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

We have thus supplied a feeble sketch of *Werner*, which, notwithstanding the notice of Lord Byron, we decidedly think more fit for representation than any other of his tragedies. In adverting to its defects, the principal is a want of interest in any of the characters: there is no one to care for. The moody, vacillating, half-guilty Werner, is anything but interesting; and his wife and the young lady, Ida, have so very little to do, they are scarcely brought home to us. There is also something incongruous and unaccountable in the murder of Stralenheim; as Ulric previously declares, that if his father could reach his own domains, his claims might be defeated. Few, however, are the dramas to which something of this nature will not apply. As to beauties, the character of Ulric, especially as contrasted with that of his father, is a lofty conception; the attributes of a Richard and a Hotspur united, with a fine touch of true German feudality. Gabor is also well drawn; and some pleasant touches of biting and humorous satire are given in different styles, both to him and the Intendant. For instance, Stralenheim threatens some peasants, because they will not venture across that river in which he himself had nearly been drowned, upon which Lord Byron very democratically makes Gabor exclaim—

Gabor (solus.) There goes my noble, feudal, self-will'd baron!
Epitome of what brave chivalry
The preux chevaliers of the good old times
Have left us Yesterday he would have given
His lands (if he hath any) and, still dearer,
His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air
As would have filled a bladder, while he lay
Gurgling and foaming half way through the window
Of his o'erset and water-logg'd conveyance,
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches
Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's right:
'Tis strange they should, when such as he may put them
To hazard at his pleasure. Oh! thou world!
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest!

Again, upon a similar instance of impatience in the same person, Ulric observes—

Ulric. Your great men
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:
'Tis well they have horses, too; for if they had not,
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.
Idenstein. Who was he?
Ulric. An old Bohemian—an imperial gipsy.
Idenstein. A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same,
For they pass by both names. And was he one?
Ulric. I've heard so.

Of the tragedies of Lord Byron, *Sardanapalus* we still think the finest; but we are of opinion, that in what is distinctively termed *dramatic* interest, *Werner* surpasses all the rest. We wish, that having already dispensed with the unities, Lord Byron would take another stride, and occasionally blend tragedy and comedy with the license of Shakspeare. Could the Author of Don Juan *entirely* fail? Q.

A Selection of Popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, &c. by HENRY R BISHOP; *the words by* THOMAS MOORE, Esq. *Number the Fourth.*

THE new number of this very delightful series is well calculated to sustain its popularity. The selection of melodies evinces excellent taste, and presents a great variety of musical character; while the words are happily adapted to the airs, and possess the peculiar charm of Mr. MOORE's genius. We have little space for quotations, but cannot refrain from extracting the first song in the number,—the elegance, playfulness, and point of which emanate from the most genial inspiration of the writer.

"NETS AND CAGES.

Come listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply—
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.

Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, Maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply,
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some perhaps will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game.
While gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home
One small, neat Love cage making.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task,
But mark how things went on,
These light-caught Loves—ere you could ask
Their name and age—were gone.
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars, too strong to sever—
One Love, with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever:
Instructing thereby all coquets,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That tho' 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages—
Thus, Maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Susan smile;—
Ah! not like Cloe sigh!

REFORM.

By the *Exeter News* we learn that a meeting, at which Lord Ebrington presided, was held at Exeter on the 29th ult. of the Freeholders of the county, and precisely imitative of the late meeting at York. The resolutions agreed to are as follow:—

1. That there appears no reason to believe that the sentiments in favour of Parliamentary Reform, lately expressed by the Freeholders of Devon in two successive county meetings, and recorded by petitions to the House of Commons, have undergone any change.

2. That to reform and reform alone can we look for any hope of salvation to the country, since every day's experience tends more and more to show, that in the present corrupt and defective state of the representation, there is no efficient check upon the will of the Minister in the expenditure of the Government, and that consequently no measure of real and substantial relief to the people is to be expected from it.

3. That the steps taken by the county of York for uniting the friends of reform throughout England in one common application to Parliament, must, in our opinion, if acted upon generally, give a force and weight to that application, which it has never had before at any time; and we therefore earnestly hope, that the numerous and respectable body of independent Yeomanry and Freeholders who have hitherto supported that great cause in this county, will see with us the importance of publicly renewing the expression of their sentiments on the present occasion.

4. That to give the county at large an opportunity of doing so, a requisition for a county meeting be now commenced; that a committee be appointed to consider of such steps as they may deem fit for obtaining signatures to it; and that every person signing the requisition be desired to specify the place of his residence and the situation of his freehold.

5. That the requisition so signed be sent back to Exeter, on or before the 29th of December; and that the committee do meet on the 3rd of January, 1823, to consider the expediency of presenting it to the High Sheriff, and the best time for so doing.

EBRINGTON, Chairman.

We understand the following Requisition is now in course of signature in the county of Hants, and it is expected it will be numerously and respectably signed:—"To the High Sheriff of the county of Southampton. We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, being owners and occupiers of land in the county of Southampton, request that you will be pleased to call a meeting of the county, for the purpose of taking into consideration the

propriety of petitioning the Parliament on a subject of a remedy for the evils we endure, and for the greater evils which, if not prevented, appear to be inevitable."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

A Royal Ordinance, dated the 20th November, appeared in the *Moniteur* of Sunday, December 1, calling out 40,000 men of the levy of 1822.

SPAIN.

In the Debate which took place in the Cortes on a motion for demanding from France an explicit avowal of her views in maintaining the Army of Observation on the Spanish frontier,—M. BERTRAND DE LIS, who made the proposition, made use of strong and candid language on the subject. He accused the French Government of having favoured the factious on all occasions, of having furnished them with clothes and warlike materials; and he declared, that if they continued to excite fresh uneasiness, *the moment should arrive when they would repent it.*—The proposal was however rejected by 66 against 54.

A singular plot has been discovered at Oviedo. A criminal named Roces Dorada was ordered for execution on the 9th November. He ate a good supper, and slept soundly on the preceding night. When the usual hour arrived, and he was led out from his prison, he showed no alarm, but his countenance retained the natural colour of health. He was delivered into the hands of the executioner, who very carefully covered his head and neck, and *appeared* to perform the office of garroting or strangling the culprit. He, however, contrived to avoid giving the fatal turn! This diabolical plot was the work of the friars, got up for the purpose of fascinating the people by setting up a cry that the unhappy man had been saved from death by a *miracle*. One exclaimed that he was opening his eyes, and that Heaven had saved him. Another friar said, that "though there was no mercy on earth, there was still mercy in Heaven." This stratagem was, however, defeated by the military commandant, who ordered four soldiers to discharge their pieces at the culprit. The rebel expired immediately, and the friars appeared very vexed at being disappointed of their miracle. The executioner has been committed to prison.—*Madrid Papers.*

BRAZIL.

The Prince Regent published a proclamation on the 21st of September, declaring the final separation of Brazil from Portugal, and announcing his own promotion to the dignity of Emperor. The 12th of October—Don Pedro's birth-day—was fixed for the installation of the new Empire and its Monarch.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, December 3.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 3.—The King has been pleased to nominate and appoint the under-mentioned Officers to be Knights Commanders of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath:—

Major-General Sir William Keir Grant.

Major-General James Campbell, late of the 94th Regiment of Foot.

Major-General Lionel Smith, of the 65th Regiment of Foot.

Major-General Theophilus Pritzler, of the 13th Regiment of Light Dragoons.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

J. Day, Fenchurch-street, merchant, from Nov. 30 to Jan. 18.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Wheeler, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. Solicitor, Mr. Ellis, Gray's-inn.

J. Singer, sen. Keyford, Somersetshire, clothier. Solicitors, Messrs. Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion square.

F. Lee, Bocking, Essex, victualler. Solicitors, Messrs. Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

I. Ball, Poultry, ironmonger. Solicitor, Mr. James, Bucklersbury.

C. Le Roy, Pall-mall, haberdasher. Solicitor, Mr. Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

J. Bowker, Bolton-le-Moors, grocer. Solicitors, Messrs. Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

J. South, Cardiff, ironmonger. Solicitors, Messrs. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.

J. Chaplin, Lisson-grove, bricklayer. Solicitor, Mr. Carlon, High-street, Marylebone.

Saturday, December 7.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. Armstrong, Reading, linen draper

BANKRUPTS.

R. Errington, Hexham, Northumberland, butter-factor. Solicitor, Mr. Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn-lane.

T. Turner, Saundridge, Hertfordshire, timber-merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Roche, Charles-street, Covent-garden.

W. Crisp, Bramfield, Suffolk, grocer. Solicitor, Mr. Pugh, Bernard-street.

J. Wiltshire, Wootton-Basset, Wilts, draper. Solicitors, Messrs. Thompson and Jay, Gray's-inn-place.

J. Wiltshire, Wootton-Basset, Wilts, saddler. Solicitors, Messrs. Thompson and Jay, Gray's-inn-place.

I. N. Browne, Manchester, cotton-spinner. Solicitors, Messrs. Milne and Parry, Temple.

W. Heap, Cobbers-Nab, Bury, Lancashire, calico-printer. Solicitors, Messrs. Milne and Parry, Temple.

J. Austin, Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, coach-maker. Solicitors, Messrs Williams and Goddard, Gray's-inn-place.

T. Jones, Clocbury-Mortimer, Salop, maltster. Solicitor, Mr. Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

W. Cotterill, Bishop's-Cleeve, Gloucestershire, farmer. Solicitor, Mr. Edmunds, Lincoln's-inn.

W. Balster, Sherborne, Dorsetshire, maltster. Solicitor, Mr. Nicholls, Great Winchester-street, Broad-street.

T. C. Hawkes, Little Abingdon-street, Westminster, coal-merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Orchard, Gray's inn-square.

J. Shackle, Milk street, Cheapside, hosier. Solicitors, Messrs. Pearce and Sons, St. Swithin's-lane.

THE FUNDS.—It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that the tenor of the news in the French papers, relative to the decision at Verona, in regard to Spain, has materially affected both the British and the Foreign Funds. The fall in Consols has not reached three per cent.; but as might naturally have been expected, Spanish Securities have fallen upwards of eight per cent. more, although it is remarkable, that in Paris the depression has not been nearly so great. An Ultra Morning Paper says, they will eventually be worth nothing at all, very calmly assuming that the French invasion will annihilate the national debt of Spain, and with it, two or three millions of British capital; and then lands the said invasion to the skies—an exhibition at once of what Ultras will anticipate and advocate. Besides the operation on Spanish Securities, something which is strongly suspected to be a trick, has been played to depress Columbian Bonds, on the ground that the bargain of M. Zea has been disowned, a most improbable tale, which will soon be set at rest, one way or the other. Since the first impression produced by the "Holy" determination, a notion that after all war will *not* take place, is beginning to prevail, and certainly the Paris Ultra journals falter. The weather has kept back the later French papers, which produced a sort of pause during the whole of yesterday. Latest quotations:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Three per Cents. Red. 78¾	New Four per Cents. —
Four per Cents. 96½	Consols for Account, 80

FOREIGN FUNDS.

French 5 per Cents. 85f. 85½f.	Prussian, 83
Russian 6 per Cents. —	Prussian of 1822, 83½
Russian of 1822, 82	Danish, in £ sterling, 89¾
Peruvian 6 per Cents. 79	Colombian 6 per Cents. 71
Neapolitan 5 per Cents. 73	Chilian 6 per Cents. 70
Austrian 5 per Cents. —	American 6 per Cents. 92 to 96
Spanish of 1820, 54	Ditto 5 per Cents. 96½
Ditto of 1821, 49¼	Ditto 3 per Cents. —

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DEC. 8.

THE interest of foreign politics at this moment centers entirely in the question of probable war between the French BOURBONS and Spain; and not a syllable more worth attending to is likely to transpire for a week or two on this subject, than we have noticed in our First Article. It is understood, that after the Viscount MONTMORENCY arrived at Paris from Verona (which was on the last day of November) the French Ministry dispatched an *ultimatum* to Madrid, or some such kind of peremptory demand; and consequently, until the an-

swer of the Cortes shall be received, no decisive step can of course be taken. The only fresh matters of fact bearing on this interesting question are—that General MINA is driving before him the fugitive vagabonds under the banners of "the Faith," although no military event of magnitude has occurred; and that, on the other hand, LOUIS has ordered a fresh levy of 40,000 troops.

The *Courier* of last night says—"We must not expect any decisive news from France for some days; that is, till the Spanish Government return an answer to the despatch from the French Government, which was sent off last Monday. Letters from Bayonne state, that immense quantities of warlike stores continue to arrive daily. The Funds on Wednesday were a little higher at Paris."

It appears by the following paragraph from a French Paper of Wednesday, that the Bourbon Government is playing the same vile trick against Spanish subjects which it was guilty of towards our excellent countryman Mr. Bowring:—"M. Beltram de Lis, who quitted Paris by the orders of the Authorities, has been arrested at Bordeaux, and all his papers have been scrupulously examined. They were again subjected to a similar inspection at Behobie. M. Caressa, a Spanish merchant at Bayonne, has, it is said, been treated in a similar manner, and the Spanish Consul was not present upon the occasion.

We merely state the following important fact, says the *Chronicle*, leaving it to our readers to draw from it the necessary consequences — *Preparations are now making in Toulon for the reception of a foreign fleet.*

The Duke of Wellington was to leave Verona on the 24th of last month; M. Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador to France, has arrived in Paris; and the King of Prussia was to leave Verona on the 22d, to return to his capital.

The Viscount Montmorency, French Ambassador to the Congress of Verona, was created a Duke immediately on his return to Paris the other day.

IRELAND.—The Marquis Wellesley has commenced a Reform of the Irish Magistracy, by striking out of the commiesion of the peace the names of several hundred noblemen, officers, clergymen, and esquires, who are too much infected with the spirit of party; and it is understood to be the intention to introduce a proportion of respectable Catholic Gentlemen into the new commission.

The Chancellor Prince Hardenberg died on his road to Venice.

MR. SCOTT THE ENGRAVER. — The Marquis of Hertford has afforded another instance of his generosity by a contribution of 10*l.* to the Subscription for the relief of this eminent and unfortunate Artist. We shall announce further subscriptions next week.

COMMERCIAL ANTICIPATIONS IN REGARD TO WAR BETWEEN THE FRENCH BOURBONS AND SPAIN.

In consequence of the increased probability of war between France and Spain, a very great advance has taken place on the insurance of homeward-bound French vessels. Nine guineas per cent. was demanded for a ship and cargo from the Mosambique to Havre, for which the premium asked before was only six guineas; and in the same proportion for the East and West Indies.

A letter from Verona in the *Constitutionnel* says, that "many foreign merchants have demanded letters of marque from the Spanish Government, for the purpose of arming privateers in case war should take place between France and Spain; and that a great quantity of these letters of marque have already been transmitted to different Spanish Consuls, particularly to those resident in the ports of England, in order that they may be delivered to the privateers at the very moment that they receive official knowledge of the Declaration of War."

And the Editor of the *Constitutionnel* remarks on this statement—"If this intelligence be true (and we are inclined to give it credit) all the foreign commerce of France will be annihilated at a blow. We shall see a renewal of the disaster of which it was the victim at a period when, upon the faith of peace with England, it dispatched abroad a vast number of vessels which became an easy prey to the privateers and cruisers of Great Britain: the recollection of that great misfortune is not yet effaced. Our maritime commerce would be ruined anew for having believed in the continuance of a peace which every thing announced as likely to be durable. It is probable that not one of the numerous vessels which we should have at sea would escape that cloud of privateers, which would immediately sail forth under the Spanish flag, and which would blockade our ports during all the continuance of the war."

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE opera of *Maid Marian or the Huntress of Arlingford*, so long ago announced, was brought forward at this theatre for the first time on Tuesday evening last. The opera is avowedly founded on the peculiarly characteristic and humorous little tale so intitled, by Mr. PEACOCK, author of "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," &c. &c.; a gentleman possessing a vein peculiarly his own. The spirit of the tale consists in an eccentric, racy, and (if we may venture to say so) vinous, half-tipsy joviality, admirably befiting this legendary lore, which deals in the frolicksome adventures of those "foresters of Diana and minions of the moon"—Robin Hood and his "merry men all." We never witnessed a more easy and felicitous assumption of the mirthful tone of the old ballads than the frisky narrative of Mr. PEACOCK, or a more successful endeavour to unite poetry to the character of the homely ballads, which, like the poems of Ossian, enshrine so much true and interesting matter of fact. In short, the nymph "in Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne," and by men, "heart-easing Mirth," has not often inspired a more genuine tribute. Upon this little concentration of the humour of our very remote ancestors, Mr. PLANCHE, the author of many other pieces which have succeeded, has constructed a drama, which it has been the task of Mr. BISHOP to render operatical. To those who have read it, any account of the plot of the opera is unnecessary, as it follows it tolerably close, with the addition, however, of a slight loan from *Ivanhoe* in the sequel; but as *some* of our readers may have that pleasure to come, we will briefly observe, that the piece commences with the preparations for the union of Matilda, the heiress of Baron Fitzwater, with Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards the famous Robin Hood. The nuptials are prevented by the arrival of Sir Ralph Montfauçon, who is deputed by the Regent Longchamp, in the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion, to attaint Huntingdon of high treason. The latter, assisted by his followers, defeats the forces of Montfauçon, and flies to merry Sherwood, where he is subsequently joined by Matilda and her father, who fires his castle, rather than surrender it to the traitorous and designing Prince John. Here Matilda, who is to be deemed an accomplished madcap, consents to give up her name and quality, and to become the mate of the Earl, now simple Robin Hood, as plain Maid Marian. Friar Michael, her attached confessor, a roistering son of the Church, becomes the high priest and prelate of the leafy domains of the sovereign Robin Hood. A young squire, who is involved with the Sheriff of Nottingham, for aiding and assisting in the escape of Robin, resorts to the forest as Will Scarlett, attended by a servant, six feet high, called Little John. A code of laws is promulgated, and one or two legendary adventures dramatised, until at length Richard Cœur de Lion, who has returned to his kingdom incognito, and is travelling alone, falls in with these forest freebooters, who subsequently rescue him from some assasins, headed by Montfauçon, who

seek to waylay him, at the instigation of his brother John. This piece of good fortune restores Robin Hood and the Baron Fitzwater to their estates and dignities; and the foresters are promised preferment according to their future good conduct and abilities.

Upon such materials the dramatist could construct nothing of *serious* interest: its essence is mirth and forest freedom; and Mr. PLANCHE has contrived, in many respects, to preserve the spirit of the tale. The frank and boisterous *Friar Tuck*, most admirably performed by Mr. C. KEMBLE, was the very essence of a conventual wag of six feet high, who could devour venison in all forms, drink canary at all times, and fight with every or anybody on all occasions. Mr. PEACOCK puts some home strokes of satire into the mouth of this jovial personage, which are most of them preserved. *Matilda*, in both original and copy, is a jocund and spirited huntress; not exactly the character for Miss TREE, who is so essentially feminine, and does her spiriting so gently. Her playful naiveté in the management of the humorous *Baron* her father (excellently played by FARREN) was however an attractive substitute; and we know not whether her arch yet composed call upon *Cœur de Lion* to surrender to her single arm, was not more piquant than a similar modest demand from a more perfect Amazonian. Of the remaining loans from the tale, the little fat friar of KEELEY merits most attention: it was peculiarly plethoric and *conventual*, as a little fat and high-feeding friar ought to be. We have already observed that the catastrophe is borrowed from *Ivanhoe*, and such being the case, we are surprised that the highly characteristic scene between *Friar Tuck* and *King Richard*, in that fine romance, was not attempted, especially as it was half dramatised to hand. By the way, the discovery of *King Richard* was brought about very tamely.

We have deferred speaking of Mr. BISHOP and the musical merits of this piece, until the last, not because they are of the least, but of the greatest importance. And first as to the overture, which (very unusually, we believe) was encored. It was a beautiful, if not altogether an original composition The celebrated overture to *Anacreon* of CHERUBINI, and both the *Prometheus* and the *Fidelio* of BEETHOVEN have paid tribute, we believe. It is evident, indeed, that no small portion of this kind of freedom has been taken throughout; and as to thefts from himself, Mr. BISHOP, like the eminent composer ROSSINI, —to whom he has been compared—has been most unsparing. Those twins, "Bid me discourse," and "Should he upbraid," were destined to mingle in another very pleasing composition, "Let us seek the yellow shore," very delightfully executed by Miss TREE, who also sang very finely and playfully another characteristic ditty from the novel—"The love that follows fain." To this charming singer and actress was also given a very ambitious *bravura*; and we were sorry for it: the effort was powerful, but it was not an effort for Miss TREE. A duet with Master LONGHURST, altogether on the plan of that in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was peculiarly relished, and made up in beauty what it wanted in originality: it was indeed extremely sweet. To conclude, we never heard Miss TREE in finer voice.

PEARMAN sang a song or two very pleasingly; but scientifically, this singer has much to attain. In glees and choral composition, Mr. BISHOP is always more than usually at home; and in *Maid Marian* he has fully kept up his character. A sestette, commencing "O bold Robin Hood," is a spirited proof of this truth. Upon the whole, Mr. BISHOP has supported his reputation, which is certainly that of the leading *native* operatical composer of the day.

We need not say that the scenery is good; for Covent-garden theatre is irreproachable in this respect. The banquet of *Prince John* was only too magnificent for its age. The firing of Fitzwater castle and some forest scenery are also exceedingly finely managed.—The piece was warmly applauded throughout. Everybody should see the *Friar Tuck* of Mr. KEMBLE.

DRURY-LANE.

Friday evening we attended the second representation of a new farce brought out at this theatre, called *Old and Young*, for the purpose of illustrating the premature talents and capacity of Miss CLARA FISHER. The vehicle made up for this purpose was pleasantly enough constructed for its object, although we apprehend that a much more legitimate use might be made of this extraordinary child's abilities. The story may be dismissed in a few words:—A testy old bachelor is offended with his nephew, for marrying against his consent, but hearing that his wife is dead, and that he has *ten* children, is with *much probability* induced to a reconciliation on *that* account, having a great disposition to speculate upon rising character. Now it happens that this large family is non-existent, that the wife of the nephew still lives, and that their progeny consists of one daughter only. This daughter (Miss FISHER) however undertakes to get her parents out of the dilemma produced by the old man's error, by personating two or three of her supposed brothers—a noisy, mischievous boy—a greedy, guttling lad—and an incipient *petit maître*, or Exquisite. She of course succeeds, and finally wins the old gentleman's heart, as the girl, and upon her he declares he will settle his whole fortune. This resolution, of course, leads to a general reconciliation and happy conclusion.

The success of the peculiarly gifted little girl, in all this personation, was decisive. Not MATHEWS himself, of whom she occasionally reminded us, could exceed the ease and felicity of her various assumptions. Still we regret that the application of this interesting child's surprising versatility should be confined so entirely to a line, which we fear is more likely to cultivate a talent for mimicry, than to form a genuine actress, to say nothing of always dabbling in broad farce and caricature. We observe this with the more earnestness, because we have made up our minds, that if not exhausted in extravaganza, this singular child will some day take the lead in both the Miss FARREN and Mrs JORDAN lines of comedy,—and we want something of the sort exceedingly. The farce was highly applauded, and certainly Miss FISHER and Mr. TERRY contrived to be richly amusing, without exciting much uneasiness as to the why or wherefore. The farce, in fact, was extravagantly applauded.

Mrs. AUSTIN has obtained more applause at this house as *Lucy Bertram*, than in any other character. On Thursday evening she performed in this opera for the second time, Mr. BRAHAM being, as before, the *Harry Bertram*. A Mr. RAYNER too made his second appearance in *Dandie Dinmont*, and, we are told, performed it very well; but as that character (in *the opera*) supplies little to enable us to judge of a successor to EMERY, we shall wait his appearance in another. The *Halt of the Caravan*, a new ballet dance, is well enough as a mere interlude, but possesses no claim to critical attention.

Q.

THEATRICAL DIFFERENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—No one who knows your theatrical criticisms can accuse you, in general, of anything except impartiality. I admit, also, the talent of the gentleman who is your Critic. Having said thus much, I will venture to take some exceptions to one of your articles:—it is that which alludes to the quarrels between Covent-garden and Drury-lane, and the manner in which Mr. Elliston has obtained two or three popular performers from the rival theatre.

A statement of this matter appeared in the London Magazine for November. *This has remained uncontradicted;* and while it is so, the public in general will presume that it is true.—In the first place, it is said that there was an understanding between the two houses that one should not engage a performer from the other until the expiration of a year from the close of such performer's previous engagement. It is said that Mr. Elliston fully *recognized* this understanding, and yet violated it. *What has Mr. Elliston to say to this accusation?* I think the public are entitled to enquire, as much as into any other supposed offence. I am quite *sure* that it is becoming in Mr. Elliston to reply.

Surely your Critic treats this matter somewhat carelessly. "He says that it is certainly wrong," &c. but he by no means stamps the transaction with the name or character that belongs to it. Your Critic says also, that it is idle to talk of what certain persons are 'worth'—they are worth what they can get. This may be true as a hard general principle. But there are generally two ways of looking at the same object. The fame of Miss Stephens and of Mr. Liston was fostered and brought to maturity at Covent-garden Theatre. Considerable privi-

leges (of singing elsewhere, &c.) were, I believe, *given* to Miss Stephens; and Mr. Liston has been for many years the intimate friend of Mr. C. Kemble, and I have heard, owed his introduction to Covent-garden, or the London boards, to the earnest recommendation of Mr. C. Kemble, the present manager of Covent-garden.

Pray, Sir, recollect these things while I ask a question or two (I make no assertions) which seem to me to merit replies.

1. Did or did not Miss Stephens make certain demands, *which were in effect complied with* (though not literally) and did she (or not) *then increase* her demands, and almost immediately engage with Mr. Elliston?

2. Did or did not Mr. Liston sign his engagement with Drury-lane, at the time he was in treaty (or something like it) with Mr. C. Kemble, and after that gentleman had said (on Mr. Liston asserting that he had received "enormous offers") "Well, Liston, we must not lose you at any rate"? Did he (or not) sign his engagement with Drury-lane on the very day that Mr. C. Kemble asked him when they should meet to settle the terms of his re-engagement?

3. Did or did not Mr. Young ask five pounds a week more than Mr. Macready and Mr. C. Kemble were contented with, and more than he himself was contented with last year: and if so, in God's name, WHY? And did he or did he not require to play "Chief Tragedian" at Covent-garden, and refuse to alternate the principal parts with Mr. Macready: and is he not now playing Iago (a second part) at Drury-lane?

4. Did or did not Mr. Elliston admit and agree to the understanding (above referred to) between the two theatres; and did he, when Mr. C. Kemble was put to rest by this assurance, violate that agreement or not?

These are very plain questions, and may be, I should think, easily answered: and they are questions in which every individual, who cares about *good feeling*, or even common justice, is concerned. For my own part, I shall be glad if they can be answered satisfactorily.

I hope your theatrical Critic will not think that I have invaded his province; or that I think of his articles in general otherwise than as betraying impartiality and great ability.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

November 25, 1822. DRAMATICUS.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

CITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—A lecture delivered at this useful institution on the 27th ult. by one of its members, Mr. Colls, attracted our attention, as well from the general interest of the subject as for the bold and closely argumentative way in which it was treated. The subject was suicide, and the lecturer of the evening repelled the accusation of sin or vice, as applied to suicide, and demonstrated (an easier task) the revolting cruelty, as well as the absurdity, of visiting with legal torments the surviving friends of the victim. The futility of the arguments, charging this act with violation of the laws of God, or natural religion, was ably shown. In neither the Old nor the New Testament is the act in question the subject of any moral precept or any legal prohibition. In the Old Testament the act is frequently spoken of, and almost always with praise,—never with dispraise. In the New, the treachery of Judas is condemned, but not his self-destruction. It is by affording scope for this species of exercise, and by promoting habits of inquiry among young men, that Institutions like the City Philosophical Society are chiefly valuable.—*Traveller.*

We are informed, on good authority, that the value of oak bark has risen 25 per cent. in consequence of the reduction of the duty on leather; and also that raw hides have advanced 8*s.* each, from the same cause; showing, in both instances, a great increase in the trade and in the demand for the raw products.—*Hull Packet.*

HYPOCRISY.—The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself: and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius the Tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; *it behoves us to take care of Jupiter.*"

IRISH LAW.—The following extract from an affidavit read in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in the sister island, and of the *precision* with which legal instruments are drawn:—"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) *soul to hell*,' which this deponent verily *believes he would have done*, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

It is reported that Mr. Kean is about to purchase Glenample Castle, Glenample, on Loch Earn, North Britain: from this it may be conjectured that he intends, ere long, to leave the stage.—*Traveller.*

CREDULITY.—A respectable dissenting clergyman of Kingsbridge, was in company the beginning of this week with some of the disciples of that pseudo-prophetess Joanna Southcott; and on entering into conversation with them on religious topics, found them strictly adhering to the vagaries of that impostor, and among other blessings expect soon a shower of asses, that the Sealed Tribes may ride on to Jerusalem! and one man, a farmer, is actually disposing of his property in the expectation of the event.—*Devon Freeholder.*

On Friday se'nnight, as the Gloucester evening coach approached the Callow, about three miles from Hereford, owing to one of the wheels running against a large stone in the road, the coachman and a passenger were thrown from the box, without being perceived by the other passengers, and the horses continued their course, and brought the coach in safety into Hereford, stopping of their own accord at the usual inn. The surprise of the passengers may be imagined, when the necessary inquiries were made for the coachman, who was seriously hurt, as was also the passenger, which prevented their following the coach.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—Mr. Coke, of Longford, Derby (brother to Mr. Coke, of Norfolk), is the father of several accomplished daughters. One of the tenants on his estate, a young farmer of superior attainments, had become in arrears for his rent; his landlord expostulated with him on the subject, and hinted, that with his handsome person he might easily obtain a wife among some of his richer neighbours, that would soon enable him to pay off his arrears, and place him in better circumstances. The young farmer listened, looked thoughtful and departed. In a few days he returned, and told his landlord he had been reflecting seriously on their last conversation, and would follow his counsel. At this interview one of the daughters of his wealthy landlord was present. In a short time afterwards it was discovered, that John Greensmith (the name of the young farmer) had effectually taken the hint, and, by an elopement to Gretna green, had become the dutiful son-in-law of the gentleman who had thus, unwittingly, bestowed upon him his sage advice.—*Birmingham Chronicle.*

Every body must have observed how much the quality of the gas has been deteriorated for some months past: it is not only less bright, but very fetid and unwholesome. The fact is, we believe, that the proprietors of the gas-works enlarge their circle of customers without any corresponding increase of material to supply them: and what is still worse, they will not lay out an adequate sum for that essential purpose the purification of the gas, though without such purification it is in the highest degree pernicious.—*Times.*

LAST MOMENTS OF THE MOTHER OF BONAPARTE.—The evening preceding her death, she called together all her household. She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bed-side, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny, and covered with a profusion of rings. To her chief Director of Finances, Juan Berosa, she said, "Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine!" To Maria Belgrade, her waiting maid, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. When my grandson is *Emperor of France*, he will make thee a great woman." She then called Colonel Darley to her bed-side; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon's Will, had assigned him a donation of 14,000*l.* "You," said she, "have been a good friend to me and my family: I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!" She then called in all junior servants, and with a pencil, as their names were called, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she then declared that she had done with the world, and requested water. She washed her hands, and laid

down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book upon her breast. Thus perished the mother of one who has been a meteor on earth!

An Anecdote in High Life.—A man of high fashion, who deals largely in a certain *combustible* material, had long been attracted by the peculiar fine form of a *widow bewitched*, then under the protection of a gentleman of great wealth. He had frequently said that he would give fifty pounds solely to be seen walking by her side in Bond-street. His wish was accidentally one day gratified thus:—At the moment of a slight shower, the object continually uppermost in his thoughts appeared in the very scene. The gentleman tendered his umbrella; it was accepted. Under the awning of a jeweller's shop they stopped, and chatted about the weather—the lady's eye being occasionally directed to the glittering toys in the window. "They are very pretty," she said. "Very pretty, indeed! suppose you go in and look at them," was the rejoinder. The lady acceded. "That is vastly beautiful! is it not?" speaking of a necklace. "It is! but how will it look round your neck?" "Try." He did try; when the lady dropping a curtsy, added, with the utmost *sang froid*, "Thank you! the rain is over: we will now, if you please, walk." In an instant she was in the street, leaving the gentleman behind. The latter looked at the shopkeeper, and then at the door, and then on the jeweller again: lastly at his pockets. This *awkward* adventure, for the lady was gone, ended by his giving the tradesman his card; it was deemed satisfactory. In three days the bill was sent in; the item consisted of a necklace of brilliants, valued at 650 guineas. When a certain witty dowager heard of this, she said:—"Well! I hope this will teach married men to be more cautious in future, and particularly when they touch *gunpowder*."

The Quack Emperor.—The extreme interest which his Imperial Majesty of Russia takes in the affairs of all Europe, and the sort of dictatorial *en maitre* style in which he takes upon himself to reprehend and reform, is forcibly exhibited in his formal letter of thanks to the King of France's Attorney-General, for some political pleading which has the merit of being extremely palatable to the Czar of Muscovy, who, *ex-officio*, must be an admirable judge of the jurisprudence of a free country! The quackery of this Monarch's rings and testimonies is silly enough on the usual occasions—but autograph letters from a *despot* to an Attorney-General, for State prosecutions, is a piece of Imperial impertinence, which would be felt as an insult by the Authorities of a freely governed country. At this rate we shall be hearing of an autograph letter to Mr. Charles Murray, and a diamond ring to Mr. Sharpe. Alexander has these tokens, of all prices and qualities; a Clergyman in this metropolis, for instance, received a ring with a Bristol stone in it, which to be sure might be a fraud on the part of the Imperial jeweller, although it is not unlikely that, like a kindred character (one Mr. *Joseph Surface*) this assuming Autocrat may occasionally use the counterfeit for the *real*—sentimental French plate for sterling bullion, Bristol stones for *real* diamonds. In the case of the Constitutional Society, a compliment of this nature would indeed, as Junius observes, supply another admirable *fac simile* of the union of *Blifil* and *Black George*.—*Traveller*.

Curious Dialogue.—"Where the —— do you come from?" said Wilkes to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.—"From the lower regions."—"What is going on there?"—"Much the same as here."—"What's that?"—"The rich taken in, and the poor kept out."

A Morning Paper informs its readers that *General* Urgel is so completely hemmed in that his escape may be considered as hopeless. That the General should not be in a condition to effect a commodious retreat is the less surprising, as we find him described in the Gazetteers as measuring several Spanish miles in circumference. This reminds us (says the *Traveller*) of a remark made by a maiden lady of strong Anti-Gallican prejudices, who was passionately fond of history, but, like the politician in the Morning Paper, somewhat lax in her geography. Arriving at the passage—"The French evacuated Spires and Worms," she read it, the French evacuated *spiders and worms*, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, the nasty beasts, it's just like 'em!"

Analogy.—A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into *half mourning*, said—"Why are we going into half mourning, mamma, are any of our relations *half dead?*"

Good pork was sold in Penzance market last week at 1½*d.* a pound. This will not be the case after the 1st of January, when the reduction in the salt duty will take place.—*West Briton*.

A battle was fought a few days ago, in a meadow at Garford, in Berkshire, between Thomas Dawson, aged 91, and another labourer, aged 85, in consequence of a quarrel. The battle was fought with much spirit, but at length victory declared in favour of Dawson, who was much pleased with having beaten his *young* antagonist; but the old man did not long survive his triumph.

Surely if ever the Father of Mischief succeeded in playing both Houses of Parliament a trick, it was when he put it into their Noble and Honourable heads to concoct and legalize the New Marriage Act!—We find, on further inquiry, that this Act is "ordered to be read in Churches" *quarterly!*—that it takes up nearly an hour in the reading; and that in almost all Churches it has become the custom, as soon as the Minister sets about this his delectable task, for the congregation to depart, leaving the *bonne bouche* of Legislation and Orthodoxy to the sole enjoyment of his Reverence and Moses!—Why, at this rate, all that decorum which forms so essential a part of our public worship, is destroyed.—Really, Parliament should be assembled before Christmas, if it was only to repeal this pestilent Act.—*Exeter Paper*.

Singular Character.—There is at present living, at a place called Glenarie, six miles from Inverary, a person of the name of John Munro, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the top of Tullich hill, which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to the man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself headlong in with his clothes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the "sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and incessant rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping cold, a complaint very common in this moist climate—but when he is attacked, whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips with his clothes on. He then walks about for a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard anything singular regarding his manner or habits.—*Stirling Journal*.

Professor Tralles.—We have the painful and unexpected task of recording the death of this much esteemed Professor of Mathematics in the University, and Secretary to the Mathematical Class of the Academy, of Berlin, after a sudden and short illness while on a visit to this country, on the 19th inst. (Nov.)—Professor Tralles was, as we are informed, a native of Switzerland. He married a Swiss lady (the sister, we have understood, of Sir Francis d'Ivernois) who is now living, and by whom he has left some children. His late mission to this country was in order to buy instruments for the Prussian Government. There are several of his papers in the Memoirs of the Berlin Academy; principally on mathematical and geodetical subjects. Geodesy was always his favourite pursuit. He was about sixty years of age when he died. He attended the first meeting, for this season, of the Royal and Astronomical Societies, and his death has occasioned the greatest regret here amongst those who had become acquainted with him. He was buried on the 23d of November, in the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, in London, and his funeral was attended by the Prussian Ambassador, Consul and Vice-Consul, and by several English gentlemen who respected his talents.—*Tilloch and Taylor's Philosophical Magazine*.

Canine Docility.—A foreign paper, which we have lately seen, contains the following unparalleled instance of canine sagacity: M. ——, a native of Bern, in Switzerland, has a favourite dog, which he has brought up in such perfect training, that the animal can pronounce several of the most difficult words of that language—familiarly calls the servants, salutes visitors with a welcome on their entry, and bids them adieu at their departure. This extraordinary dog is the wonder of all the surrounding country, and we have heard that liberal offers have been made to M ——, to permit his favourite to be exhibited in England. Indeed, we have been given to understand that this phenomenon may be expected in the metropolis in the course of a few weeks.—*Southampton Chronicle*.

In the Arches Court, on the 16th ult. the Rev. Griffith Davis, curate of Ascot, and also of Charlbury, in the diocese of Oxford, was sentenced to suspension from his official and clerical functions for three years, for habitual drunkenness, obscene conversation, indecent swearing, and most disgustingly consenting to the prostitution of his wife in his own presence.

We understand that an eminent grazier in Darlington parish, who is a firm supporter of the established church, has liberally given a fat kyloe in aid of the subscription entered into for a picture, to be painted by Mr. W. Bewick, (a native of that parish) and placed as an altar-piece in Darlington church. The animal, after being killed, is to be sold in the market, and the meat is expected to bring a high price, on account of the circumstance for which it is given.—*Durham Advertiser.*

A Preston paper says—"The extensive concern of James, John, and Thomas Bury, calico-printers, at Sabden-bridge, has this week stopped payment. The effect will be seriously felt by the mercantile community in Blackburn and the neighbourhood. Report states the deficiency to be 250,000*l.*"

Bon-Mot.—A gentleman expressing his satisfaction that Lord Londonderry would be at no more State Meetings in Europe—"You are mistaken," replied his friend, "for his Lordship is gone to the *Diet of Worms.*"

Lord Ross (not the present nobleman of that name) had a great aversion to gentlemen of the medical profession: in a fit of illness, a friend advised him to send for a physician—"No," said he, "I am not yet prepared to die!"

Berne.—Berne is a delightful city; not so much in itself as for its situation and the beautiful country which surrounds it. The city consists of one street of extreme length and proportionate width, with smaller streets crossing it at right angles. On both sides are rows of houses, built on the same plan, raised upon large arcades, with a space between them and the public road, covered by porticos; so that foot passengers are sheltered from the sun and rain. This advantage is obscured by the dulness resulting from the uniformity of such buildings and their heavy and gothic appearance. A canal of fresh water flows through the middle of the streets, intercepted at regular distances by fountains; which are not, as is generally the case, vain and superfluous ornaments, but objects of utility, administering to the wants of a numerous population and productive of general salubrity; so that perhaps there is no city in the world so clean as Berne.—*European Magazine.*

William III. and Dr. Radcliffe.—The King, on his return from Holland (where, instead of following the Doctor's advice, he had lived very freely with several German Princes) found himself again very much out of order; and having his sole reliance on Dr. Radcliffe's judgment, sent for him to Kensington the last time, for he was then to be as much out of favour with his Majesty as he was with the Princess. After the necessary questions put by the Physician to the Royal Patient, said the King (shewing his swollen ancles, while the rest of his body was emaciated and like a mere skeleton) "Doctor, what think you of these?"—"Why truly," replied he, "*I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three Kingdoms.*"—Which freedom of speech was resented so much, though seemingly not taken notice of during their conversation, that all the interest the Earl of Albemarle had at Court, and then he was the chief favourite, could not reinstate him in his Majesty's good graces, who, from that very hour, never would suffer him to come into his presence, though he continued to make use of his diet-drinks till three days before his death, which happened to fall out much about the same time as the Doctor had calculated, and which the King had frequently said to the Earl beforementioned, would come to pass, in verification of Radcliffe's prediction. Since it appeared, upon opening his late Majesty's body, that he had lived as long as there was any nutriment for the animal spirits, and that if he had not fallen from his horse, which broke his collar-bone, and might hasten his death for a few days, he must have been gathered to his fathers in less than a month's time, since his lungs were entirely wasted and dried, and crumbled in the hand like a clod of summer dirt.—*Memoirs of John Radcliffe.*

Humanity of an Angler.—"Put your hook into his mouth; which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the Frog's mouth grows up, and *he continues so for at least six months without eating*, but is sustained; but none except he whose name is Wonderful knows how:—I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the Frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, *that he may live the longer.*"—O rare *gentle* Isaac Welton!

French Pulpit Oratory.—They talk of English boldness:—Have we any Divines who ever addressed themselves to "ears polite" as a French Preacher named Bridaine addressed a crowded audience, of "the first distinction," in the church of St. Sulpice at Paris? The following is a specimen of his discourse:—"Till this day I have published the judgments of the Most High in straw-roofed temples: I have preached the rigours of penance to an audience, most of whom have wanted bread: I have proclaimed to the simple inhabitants of the villages the most terrible truths of religion. Unhappy man! What have I done? I have afflicted the Poor, the best friends of my God: I have carried consternation and woe into simple and honest bosoms, which I ought rather to have soothed and comforted. But here! where my eyes fall on the Great, on the Rich, on the Oppressors of suffering Humanity, or on bold and hardened Sinners—it is here, in the midst of *these* scandals,—that I ought to make the holy word resound in all its thunders, and place on one side of me, Death that threatens you, and the great God who is to judge us all. Tremble before me, ye proud, disdainful men, who listen to me! Tremble, for the abuse of favours of every kind which God has heaped on you! Think on the certainty of death; the uncertainty of its hour; how terrible it will be to you! Think on final impenitence—on the last judgment—on the small number of the elect—and above all, on eternity!"—Now this at any rate was an honest man, and no bishopric-seeker.

Drunkenness and Loyalty.—The Lord Chancellor (Jeffreys) had now like to have died of a fit of the stone, which he virtually brought upon himself by a furious debauch of wine at Mr. Alderman Duncomb's; where he, the Lord Treasurer, and others, drank themselves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whispered, they had stripped into their shirts, and that had not an accident prevented them, they had got upon a sign-post, to drink the King's health; which was the subject of much derision, to say no worse.—*Reresby's Memoirs.*

Political Puns.—Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a state to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably, at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice:—The Cavaliers during Cromwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send this *Crum well* down,"—I have read also of a royalist Divine, who during the Protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver:—"O Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, *put it into his heart* also,—to do according to thy word."—He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and after a significant pause, repeated the concluding sentence in an under tone.

SONNET, FROM SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

Who doth desire that chast his wife should be,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve;
Then be he such as she his worth may see
And alwayes one credit with her preserve:
Not toying kinde, nor carelesslie unkinde,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde,
Never hard hand, nor ever rayns too light.
As far from wante, as far from vaine expense,
T' one doth enforce, the other doth entice.
Allow good companie, but drive from thence
All filthy mouthes that glorie in their vice.
This done, thou hast no more, but leave the rest
To nature, reason, time, and *woman's breast.*

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Monday, December, 2.

RICHARD CARLILE *v.* J. W. PARKINS, ESQ.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover from the defendant, one of the late Sheriffs, a compensation for the alleged injury he had sustained by the Sheriffs having retained his property in their hands, instead of selling the same, as directed by the Court.

Mr Scarlett stated the case. The plaintiff had been found guilty of publishing certain libels, for which he had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a heavy fine. Immediately after the judgment, a writ of *levari facias* was issued by the Court to the Sheriff, directing him to levy the fine of 1,000*l.*

on the defendant's property. This writ was issued on the 15th of November, and, as he should now contend, the Sheriff ought to have sold immediately, and without delay. The Court said, "we direct you to sell and not to retain the stock;" but the Sheriffs replied, that amongst the stock there were copies of publications which had been declared libels; suppose there were, was that any excuse for the Sheriffs retaining the whole stock in their hands? Why, amongst these libels, as they were called, were 25 copies of Dr. Watson's Defence of the Bible—a most excellent work There were other works equally unexceptionable and valuable. The whole stock was worth not less than 3,000*l.* had it been sold then; there was a valuable stock of periodical publications, which, had they been sold at that time, would have produced a very considerable sum, but having been now detained and locked up by the Sheriffs for three years, was worth nothing except for waste paper. He contended, that even supposing there had been some libellous works amongst this stock, the Sheriffs ought to have sold all which were not so. If the conduct which had been adopted by the defendant could be justified, what would be the situation of any bookseller convicted of any offence which subjected him to fine and imprisonment? There was not a bookseller's stock in existence in which some work might not be found which a Sheriff might not construe to be libellous. For instance, any volume of "Hume's History of England," or any volume of Poems on Metaphysics, or Historical Work, would furnish what might constitute libel on some one living or dead, in the estimation of a Sheriff, and enable him to detain the stock of an individual all the period of his imprisonment, and so reduce it in value, as had been done in this case, that at the expiration of the individual's imprisonment, although at its commencement it might have been worth ten times the sum, it would not produce sufficient to pay his fine, and he be thus, as Mr. Carlile was, utterly ruined, and reduced to imprisonment for life. He concluded by again calling on the Jury to decide in this case as if they had never heard of the name of Carlile; and he was convinced they would then find a verdict compensating him for the injury he had sustained.

After evidence had been adduced, Mr. Cooper submitted that the Sheriffs had only acted with due submission to the law: here was a bookseller's stock, consisting of convicted libels and suspected publications, and the Sheriffs were responsible for the sale of them; and notwithstanding the opinion of his learned Friend, Mr Scarlett, to the contrary, he would boldly say, that the Sheriffs would not have been protected had they sold these libellous works. As to the selling them immediately, he was certain Mr. Carlile, when he should sell these works by degrees, would get much more for them under all the disadvantages complained of, than he would have got by the immediate sale, forced as it would have been under all the disadvantages of a sale by auction.

The Chief Justice summed up to the Jury, and repeated, that if a Sheriff did wilfully and wrongfully abstain from selling goods in his possession, with an intention to injure a party, as in this case alleged, then he would be liable to an action; but if he had reason and probable cause for keeping the property, then he would be justified in doing so.

The Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 1*s.* costs, 40*s.*

CONSISTORY COURT, *Friday, Dec.* 6.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH AGAINST THE MARCHIONESS.

Dr. Swabey stated this suit was originally commenced by the Marquis of Westmeath against his Marchioness, in a cause of restitution of conjugal rights. On the part of the Marchioness, an allegation was now offered, alleging certain charges of adultery as against the Marquis.

Dr. Jenner said, he should object to the 2d, 3d, 8th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 18th, 19th, and 22d articles of this allegation, which consisted of no less than 33. In the commencement of the cause, a libel had been given in on the part of his Lordship, to which an allegation of 29 articles was offered by her Ladyship, pleading cruelty on his side by way of answer. That was admitted, and the answers of his Lordship were brought in. Upon these followed the present allegation, containing charges of adulterous connexion between the Marquis and five several females. The suit was now, therefore, commuted into one of separation and divorce, by reason of cruelty and adultery, and the Marquis had, in fact, become the party proceeded against. The 2d and 3d articles charged generally, that "some time in the year 1817, the Marquis formed an adulterous intercourse with Sarah, otherwise Jane, Smith, then living as servant with his aunt, the Countess of Glengall; and several times in the years 1817 and 1818 did with her commit adultery." Now, this was much too vague and indefinite Specific dates and places ought to be pleaded. The learned counsel took the same objection to the allegations touching the Marquis's intercourse with Catherine Flynn of Mallingar, and three other females.

Dr. Swabey and Dr. Lushington contended for the general admissibility of the allegation, and agreed to furnish, where practicable, the names, dates, and places, at present deficient in the various articles

The Judge, subject to the future making of such alterations, admitted this allegation.

INSOLVENT DEBTOR'S COURT.

Tuesday, December 3.

The Rev. *Richard Bingham* was opposed on behalf of several creditors. The insolvent is incumbent of the episcopal chapel at Gosport; and has been engaged in banking and other speculations to a considerable extent. The debts from which he sought to be discharged amounted to upwards of 50,000*l.* consisting principally of charges incurred by various litigations in which he has been from time to time involved, particularly a Scotch suit, in which he was successful through all the inferior courts, but which was ultimately reversed in the House of Lords; and in consequence of which he lost his wife's fortune. After a long investigation, which lasted from about twelve to three o'clock, but which disclosed no fact of any interest to the public,

The Court were unanimously of opinion that no case had been made out to support the opposition to the insolvent's relief under the act; and therefore ordered him to be discharged forthwith.

OLD BAILEY.

On Friday, *John Geynor* was indicted for feloniously marrying with Phœbe Lanning, his former wife, Lydia Scotchman, being alive.—Sarah Scotchman deposed, that she knew the prisoner, and was present at his marriage to her sister Lydia Scotchman, at Marylebone church, in 1814. The prisoner lived with her sister for some time afterwards. The result of their cohabitation was four children. Her sister was then in Court.—Phœbe Lanning deposed, that she was married on the 16th of October, 1818, at St. James's church, to the prisoner, who lived with her 12 or 14 months.—Michael Morris, a police-officer, who had had the prisoner in custody, stated, that he had attended at the two churches where the prisoner had been married, and had examined the registers thereof.—The prisoner made no defence, but threw himself on the mercy of the Court and Jury.—The Jury immediately returned a verdict of *Guilty*.—Mr. Baron Garrow.—This is a crying offence, and one that the Court must take every opportunity of punishing severely. A set of men get acquainted with young women, marry them, live with them for a short period, and then ruin them and all their prospects by leaving them when they have a family of young children to support. They then pay their addresses again to the first engaging young woman they meet, and conclude by plunging her into the same distress in which they have left their former victim. The law upon this crime has been lately much improved by the wisdom of the legislature, and we are now empowered to visit it with the punishment of transportation. I am going to make a memorandum to inflict it in this case.—[The prisoner in this case was a coarse, heavy-looking man. The woman, Phœbe Lanning, whom he had trepanned into marriage with him, was crying bitterly all the time she was giving her evidence.]

PRACTICE OF THE COURT.

The indictments from Clerkenwell having (about 4 o'clock) been put into the hands of Mr. Shelton, Mr. Justice Bayley desired to see the person who had brought them from the Sessions house. A young man was accordingly put into the witness box.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—Did you bring these indictments from Clerkenwell?—I did.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—Who gave them to you?—Mr. Richards, the Crier of the Court.

Mr. Justice Bailey.—And in this state? (*They were merely tied round with a string.*)—Yes.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—And you carried them in this way through the streets in the dark?—Yes.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—Such a practice is a most improper one, and the Court has frequently here had reason to complain of it. The bills, when found, ought to be sent here locked up in a box, and by some responsible person; not open, exposed to the chances of loss or the possibility of alteration.

Mr. Baron Garrow was astonished how such practices could be continued after the Court had spoken of it. Every man acquainted with legal proceedings must see the great impropriety and the great danger of suffering the bills of indictment to be carried about at the leisure and at the mercy of an ordinary messenger. Interpolations, or many other malpractices, to which he (the learned Judge) would not now advert, might arise out of such a system. It would be well, too, that the bills should be sent down as soon as the Grand Jury at Clerkenwell rose; and not, as was frequently the case now, at 9 or 10 o'clock at night.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

On Friday, *John Riley* was indicted by his apprentice, a young man of the name of Lovemore, for an assault. The defendant was a respectable linendraper, in Oxford-street, and had received from his apprentice a hundred guineas as a premium.—The apprentice was desired by Miss Riley to remove some dusty papers, and he refused, saying that he would remove them to-morrow. Miss Riley informed the defendant, and Mr. Riley immediately committed the assault now complained of, by collaring and kicking the prosecutor.—The CHAIRMAN suggested that in this case a juror should be withdrawn. It would be better for all parties, who seemed to be respectable, that this course should be taken.—Mr. ADOLPHUS, for the defendant, consented, but observed, that he could produce most respectable witnesses to contradict the prosecutor.—Mr ALLEY, for the prosecution, wished the case to be referred to some barrister.—Mr. ADOLPHUS.—No; it shall not be so. I will have no reference.—Mr. ALLEY.—Well, you need not be angry about it.—Mr. ADOLPHUS.—I am not angry: I am only positive: when I am tired of that, I will borrow moderation from you.—A juror was then withdrawn.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

Corporal *James Geer*, of the Guards, and *Hannah Clarke*, a damsel "almost fainting under that pleasing punishment which women bear" (as our immortal bard saith) were brought before the Magistrates by the overseers of St. Martin's parish, with a view to obtain an order of affiliation upon the said corporal.—Previous to the administration of the oath to the lady, the clerk of the overseers begged to observe, that she was a very dissolute sort of person, and richly deserving of punishment; for she had boasted in the workhouse that the father of her first child was a *private!* the father of this, her second, was a *corporal!* and the father of her next should be a *sergeant!* and it was remarked, that at this rate she might go on, even to the Commander in-Chief, if she was not stopped!—Hannah held down her head in silence; and the Magistrate commented severely on her shameless incontinence.—The oath having been administered, she declared Corporal Geer to be the man who had conquered her virtue in this instance; and his Worship asked Corporal Geer what he had to say to it.—Corporal Geer placed his thumbs down the seams of his trowsers, turned out his toes, drew himself up to the "*attention!*" point, and said he did not know what to say to it—these *accidents* would happen sometimes.—"Then all you have to do," observed the Magistrate, "is to give sureties, in order that the parish may not suffer by your *accident*. You must procure two housekeepers to be bail for you."—Corporal Geer said he could not procure *one*.—"Then you must go to prison," said his Worship.—The Sergeant in attendance officially, said the Corporal was in a very awkward predicament, for he had already *several* affairs of the kind on his hands; and within the last three weeks he had "*married* ONE of his ladies."—"Why really, Corporal, you ought to be ashamed of your conduct!" said one of the Magistrates.—"So I am, Sir," replied the Corporal, "but what can I do, Sir? I have made one of 'em all the amends I can, by marrying of her."—"Yes, you marry one, and leave the children of the others to starve, or to be maintained by the public."—The Corporal, in reply, muttered something about *marrying them all* if the law would but let him; and the children—"be they as many as they might, should all share alike whatever he had."—The Sergeant said he had no bail to offer, nor would the regiment interfere; and therefore the Corporal was committed to prison to await the order of Sessions.

UNION-HALL.

On Tuesday, an elderly man, named *Robert Fryett*, of respectable appearance, was charged with having robbed James Ward, a poor man with whom he lodged.—The complainant stated that he lived in Kent-street, where he keeps a chandler's shop. The prisoner came to lodge in his house about six months ago, at which time he received a most excellent character of his lodger. During the last three weeks the witness's wife frequently missed money from the till, but not the slightest suspicion could be entertained against Mr. Fryett, whose circumstances were known to place him far beyond the reach of want. In order to ascertain the very mysterious manner in which the little property was every day disappearing, the witness secreted himself in a situation from whence he could observe what was going forward. At his usual hour the prisoner walked down stairs to breakfast in the parlour adjoining the shop, and the complainant's wife withdrew, leaving the prisoner alone. The moment her back was turned he ran into the shop, pulled out the till, and took out a handfull of the contents, which had previously been marked with the letter H. At this moment the complainant sprung from his concealment, and cried out, "Oh, ho! it is you! how many times have you been there?" The prisoner, agitated, replied, "I declare it is the first time in my life." He then walked into the parlour, sat down, and very coolly commenced his breakfast; in the interim a constable was sent for, who searched him, and found a quantity of penny-pieces and halfpence in his waistcoat pocket, bearing the above letter. The complainant added, that during the search a key was found on the prisoner, which he appeared most reluctant to part with, and which unlocked a box belonging to him, in his bed-room. It contained 30 sovereigns, 13 Ipswich 1*l.* notes, and a bag of silver. Grassmith, the constable, corroborated the above evidence, and the prisoner was fully committed for trial.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

DEATH OCCASIONED BY NEGLECT.—An inquest was held on Thursday evening at the Olive Branch, Homer-street, Portman-square, on view of the body of *Joseph Payne*, Esq. a gentleman of property, resident in Marylebone for many years; his death, which it was supposed was accompanied with mysterious circumstances, led the parish to conceive that improper means had been used, when it was resolved to have the opinion of a jury.—William Frederick Goodger, house-surgeon of Marylebone Infirmary, stated, he was called upon to view the deceased's body, but there were no marks of violence, nor could he judge what was the cause of his death.—Dr. Badger, of Upper Baker-street, stated that he was called upon to attend deceased, and found him in bed, attended by his wife and daughter. Witness asked deceased whether he had had any medical advice; to which he said he had not, and upon enquiry, why, the deceased said it had been his wish from the time he was first taken ill, but that his wife would not let him have any. The deceased was at that time in the agonies of death, but perfectly sensible. Witness turned to his wife, and asked her the reason why she did not have proper medical assistance: when she evaded the questions by many impertinent observations. She imputed drunkenness to him, but from his regular habits he is aware that was not the case; and he does not hesitate in saying, that if proper attendance had been given to him, he might have survived much longer, he being only 55 years of age; but, in his opinion, deceased died of inflammation on the chest.—Several Jurymen here repeated the many indignities they had seen the deceased suffer, both from his wife and daughter; in various instances they had seen the deceased treated in the most shameful manner, very frequently crying out "Murder," &c. Howell, the summoning officer, said that when he went to the house and enquired if a body was lying there dead, the wife's answer was "Go and seek."—John Perry, of Homer-street, stated he lives next door to deceased's house, whom he saw out about a fortnight past, scarcely able to walk. For some time past he has repeatedly heard a great noise in the house, and frequently heard deceased cry out "Murder." Very often he has seen the wife strike the deceased with great violence, saying, "Hanging was too good for him," and calling him an "old rogue. In various instances he had seen the deceased out with a black eye and other marks on the face: he did not see the deceased while he was ill.—This statement was confirmed by two opposite neighbours, who had frequently heard the deceased cry out "Murder!" He was a very weak man, and when once attempting to escape from her hands, the wife pulled him back and beat him through the passage; they have frequently seen him come to the door with his mouth bleeding, crying out for some one to come to his assistance, for that his wife and daughter were murdering him.—James Warlters stated he lodged in the same house as the deceased, and has done so for some years before deceased had the house. There had been continual strife and discordance in the family; but more during the last year, when he has frequently heard the cry of murder. The cause of such contention, he believes, was in consequence of the women of bad character that were daily brought there by deceased's wife, to which the deceased was much averse, and wished them not to be brought there; but he being a weak man, his wife obtained a complete dominion over him; he has frequently heard him, but never was an eye witness to it. About five or six days before his death, he was sitting by deceased's bedside reading to him, and he (witness) wished a doctor to be sent for; but the wife opposed it, stating it was no use, for his constitution was gone. Witness then wished a reconciliation to take place, but this deceased refused to do, and although witness urged it by every religious motive, the deceased would not do it; he was at the deceased's bedside when the medicine came, but the wife refused to take it in, alledging that it was too late. He did not seem disposed to take any thing from his wife and daughter's hands, for fear of being poisoned; but latterly he had had nothing but water.—Mr. Potter, of Crawford-street, gave similar evidence.—Ann Smith was then called. The manner in which this witness gave her evidence sufficiently indicated her character; the whole of her statement, however, was in contradiction to the former evidence given.—The Jury being of opinion they should not require

any more evidence, took a view of the body, which was in a putrid state, and after consulting together for half an hour, returned their verdict—"That the deceased died of inflammation on the chest, and that he experienced great neglect from his wife and daughter, and want of medical assistance."

An Inquest was held on Friday evening at the Sun and Punch Bowl, on the body of Mr. *John Franklin*.—Mary Anne Henderson sworn. Witness was servant to the deceased, who lived at No. 200, High Holborn. On Wednesday morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out within three doors of that house; the deceased was in bed, but on the alarm being given, he got up and looked out of the window; he afterwards went into the yard, and complained severely of his stomach, saying he was in great agony. About three or four o'clock witness went into his room in consequence of hearing him groan. Witness gave him some warm brandy and water, which he drank, but he appeared to get worse; he would not have medical advice, although pressed so to do. About six o'clock he made a noise as if he was going to sleep, and in consequence no one was willing to disturb him About half-past seven witness went to him, and found he was dead. Witness then sent for a surgeon.—Mr. Henry Turner, of King-street, Holloway, surgeon, sworn Witness was sent for about eight o'clock to the deceased, whom he found quite dead. He was nearly 80 years of age, and witness attributes his death to the fear occasioned by the alarm of fire. The Jury, after viewing the body, returned a verdict of "Died by the Visitation of God."

On Friday night, about seven o'clock, a female, elegantly attired, walked down the steps on the Strand side of Waterloo-bridge Shortly afterwards the toll-keeper heard a scream, and, on hastening to the spot, saw the unfortunate woman in the river. She rose once, uttered a faint cry, and was seen no more. On the steps were found a bonnet and frill. She had previously complained to the toll-keeper of not having a penny to pay, and refused the offer of one. The body was dragged for without effect.

About one o'clock on Wednesday morning, a fire broke out in the house of Mr Lambert, druggist, No 203, High Holborn, which greatly alarmed the neighbourhood The family had retired to rest before the fire made its appearance, but fortunately escaped without any accident. It burnt with great fury for about an hour and a half; a plentiful supply of water prevented the adjoining houses of Mr. Gibbs, the linen-draper, and that of Mr. Davis, a floor cloth manufacturer, from material injury. Mr Lambert's house, however, is reduced to a perfect shell, and every article of his stock and furniture completely destroyed. Mr. Lambert's and Mr. Davis's houses were only rebuilt about two years ago.

Dreadful Affair at Thurmaston.—Mr. John Allen, a person possessed of independent property, and residing at Thurmaston, about three miles from this town, was committed to our county gaol on Tuesday, charged with felony, in shooting at and maiming William Lane, a drummer of the 39th regiment the preceding evening. Lane happening to be coming through Thurmaston, was accosted by three young men opposite to Mr. Allen's house, where they entered into conversation. Mr. Allen appeared at a window, and desired that they would go away, or he would fire at them. The three young men made a hasty retreat. The drummer, however, stood his ground, and received the contents of a gun in the lower part of his belly, when he exclaimed that he was a dead man, and fell; but, dreadful to relate, not before the contents of another shot was lodged in his arm. The young men came to his assistance; medical aid was procured, and every attention paid to his situation. The village in the mean time became all in a ferment, and steps were taken to prevent the author of it from escaping. Early in the next morning he was conveyed before the magistrate for examination, who committed him for trial, and he was shortly after brought to prison in a post-chaise. Bail to any amount was offered, but refused. Lane was stationed in this town on the recruiting service, and had left the remainder of his party at Syston on the evening in question, anxious to get home to see his wife, who was confined in child-bed. The unfortunate man expired on Thursday afternoon.—*Leicester Chronicle*.

Cape Town, Sept. 28.—On Saturday last the trial of Mr Gebhart, son of the Rev. Mr. Gebhart, clergyman at the Paarl, came on before the full Court at this place, for the murder of a slave, the property of his father, by excessive and unlawful punishment He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; but has noted an appeal from the sentence.

On Sunday morning (24th ult.) was found hanging in an outhouse belonging to Mr. Adley, of Westbere, a genteelly dressed young man. The unfortunate deceased, who is unknown, had been seen loitering about the premises the preceding day, and in one of his pockets was found a piece of paper, on which was written, "When I, an unfortunate wretch, am no more, to prevent unnecessary inquiry after friends and relatives, they are far distant in a foreign land."—*Kent Herald*.

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MARRIAGES.

On Monday, at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Miss Frances Elizabeth Copeland, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Copeland, to Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, both of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

On Saturday week, at St. James's, Richard Stonier Gomm, Esq. Assistant Commissary-General, to Marianna, eldest daughter of the late John Fox, Esq. of Parliament-street.

On the 2nd ult. at Flaxley, Gloucestershire, Rear-Admiral Ballard, to Catharina Crawley, sister to the present Sir T. C. Boevey, Bart. of Flaxley-abbey.

On Tuesday, the 26th ult. at Hull, the Rev. George Browne, of St. Alban's, Herts, to Grace, second daughter of the late Thomas Riddell, Esq. of Hull.

On the 2nd inst. at Broxbourne, Herts, Henry Brown, Esq. eldest son of Colonel Brown, of Amwell Bury, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Walmsley, Esq. of Castlemeer, Lancaster.

On Tuesday, Mr. Henry Drew, of Leicester-street, Leicester-square, to Marian, second daughter of H. Smith, Esq. of Potton, Bedfordshire.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst. in consequence of her clothes catching fire on the 26th ult. Mrs. Halford, of Broad-street-buildings, aged 76, relict of the late John Halford, Esq.

Suddenly, on Saturday week, at Brighton, Lady Theodosia Vyner.

At York, lately, aged 63, Mrs. Harrison. Her death was caused by a pin running into her thumb, whilst washing, which brought on a mortification.

At Edinburgh, on the 18th inst. aged 105, Agnes, relict of Mr. George Mackenzie. She retained her mental faculties almost to the last.

On Saturday the 30th ult. at Camberwell, Sophia Matilda, youngest daughter of Mr. W. H. Chinner, of that place.

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